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THE

MISER,

A COMEDY,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED,

IN THREE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

Corrected from the Prompt Copy *by* JAMES WILD.

London:

PRINTED BY T. RICKABY,

FOR MESSRS. SCATCHERD AND WHITAKER,

NO. 12, AVE-MARIA-LANE.

1792.

Price One Shilling.

Case
Y
134
188
v. 10

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Lovegold	Mr. Quick.
Frederick	Mr. Farren.
Ramilie	Mr. Faweet.
Furnish	Mr. Ledger.
Sparkle	Mr. Evatt.
Sattin	Mr. Rowson.
Lawyer	Mr. Rock.
List	Mr. Powell.
Servant	Mr. Simmons.
James	Mr. Rees.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Wisely	Mrs. Platt.
Mariana	Mrs. Mountain.
Lappet	Mrs. Mattocks.

K1453

1

Lovegeld
Familie
Frederick.

THE

MISER,

A COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Lovegold's Houſe.*

Enter LOVEGOLD *and* RAMILIE.

LOVEGOLD.

ANSWER me not, ſirrah, but get out of my houſe.

RAM. Sir, I am your ſon's ſervant, and not your's, and I won't get out of the houſe, Sir, unleſs I am turned out by my proper maſter, Sir.

LOVE. Sirrah, I'll turn your maſter out after you, like an extravagant raſcal as he is; he has no need of a ſervant while he is in my houſe—and here he dreſſes out a fellow at more expence than a prudent man might clothe a family at. It's plain enough what uſe he keeps you for; but I will have no ſpy upon my affairs, no raſcal continually prying into all my actions, devouring all I have, and hunting about in every corner to ſee what he may ſteal.

RAM. Steal! a likely thing, indeed, to ſteal from a man who locks up every thing he has, and ſtands ſentry upon it day and night!

LOVE.

LOVE. I'm all over in a ſweat leſt this fellow ſhould ſuſpect ſomething of my money. [*Aſide.*] Hark'e, raſcal, come hither: I would adviſe you not to run about the town, and tell every body you meet that I have money hid.

RAM. Why, have you any money hid, Sir?

LOVE. No, ſirrah, I don't ſay I have; but you may raiſe ſuch a report nevertheleſs.

RAM. 'Tis equal to me whether you have money hid or no, ſince I cannot find it.

LOVE. D'ye mutter, ſirrah? get you out of my houſe, I ſay, get you out this inſtant.

RAM. Well, Sir, I am going.

LOVE. Come back;—let me deſire you to carry nothing away with you.

RAM. What ſhould I carry?

LOVE. That's what I would ſee. Turn your pockets inſide out, if you pleaſe; but you are too practiſed a rogue to put any thing there. Theſe damn'd bags have had many a good thing in them, I warrant you.

RAM. Give me my bag, Sir; I am in the moſt danger of being robb'd.

LOVE. Come, come, be honeſt, and return what thou haſt taken from me.

RAM. Ay, Sir, that I could do with all my heart; for I have taken nothing from you but ſome boxes on the ear.

LOVE. And haſt thou really ſtolen nothing?

RAM. No, really, Sir.

LOVE. Then get out of my houſe while 'tis all well, and go to the devil.

RAM.

2

James

RAM. Ay, any where from ſuch an old covetous curmudgeon. [*Exit.* R.

LOVE. So there's one plague gone. Now I will go pay a viſit to the dear caſket.

A. 1. S. 1. Enter FREDERICK *behind.*

In ſhort, I muſt find ſome ſafer place to depoſit thoſe three thouſand guineas in, which I received yeſterday; three thouſand guineas are a ſum—Oh, Heavens! I have betray'd myſelf! my paſſion has tranſported me to talk aloud, and I have been overheard. How now! what's the matter? 2

FRED. The matter, Sir!

LOVE. Yes, the matter, Sir? I ſuppoſe you can repeat more of my words than theſe; I ſuppoſe you have overheard———

FRED. What, Sir?

LOVE. That——

FRED. Sir!

LOVE. What I was juſt now ſaying.

FRED. Pardon me, Sir, I really did not.

LOVE. Well, I ſee you did overhear ſomething, and ſo I will tell you the whole: I was ſaying to myſelf, in this great ſcarcity of money, what a happineſs it would be to have three thouſand guineas by one: I tell you this that you might not miſunderſtand me, and imagine that I ſaid I had three thouſand guineas.

FRED. I enter not into your affairs, Sir.

LOVE. But I have an affair of conſequence to mention to you. Pray, Sir, you, who are a fine gentleman, and converſe much amongſt the ladies—what think you of a certain young lady called Mariana?

FRED.

FRED. Mariana, Sir!

LOVE. Ay, what do you think of her?

FRED. Think of her, Sir!

LOVE. Why do you repeat my words? Ay, what do you think of her?

FRED. Why I think her the moſt charming woman in the world!

LOVE. Would ſhe not be a deſirable match?

FRED. So deſirable, that, in my opinion, her huſband will be the happieſt of mankind.

LOVE. There is one thing I'm a little afraid of, that is, that ſhe has not quite as much fortune as one might fairly expect.

FRED. Oh, Sir! conſider but her merit, and you may eaſily make an abatement in her fortune. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, don't let that prevent your deſign. Fortune is nothing in compariſon with her beauty and merit.

LOVE. Pardon me there; however, there may be ſome matters found, perhaps, to make up ſome little deficiency; and if you would, to oblige your father, retrench your extravagances on this occaſion, perhaps the difference in ſome time might be made up.

FRED. My deareſt father! I'll bid adieu to all extravagance for ever.

LOVE. Thou art a dutiful good boy; and, ſince I find you have the ſame ſentiments with me, provided ſhe can but make out a pretty tolerable fortune, I am even reſolved to marry her.

FRED. Ha! you reſolved to marry Mariana!

LOVE. Ay, to marry Mariana.

FRED. Who? you!—you, Sir!

LOVE. Yes, I, I, I.

FRED.

3
Sapphir.

FRED. I beg you will pardon me, Sir; a ſudden dizzineſs has ſeized me, and I muſt beg leave to retire.

[*Exit Fred.* R.

LOVE. What the devil's the matter with the boy.

L. H. *Enter* JAMES, *as a Coachman.*

LOVE. Where have you been? I have wanted you above an hour. 3

JAMES. Whom did you want, Sir, your coachman or your cook? for I am both one and t'other.

LOVE. I want my cook, Sir.

JAMES. I thought indeed it was not your coachman, for you have had no great occaſion for him ſince your laſt pair of geldings were ſtarv'd; but your cook, Sir, ſhall wait upon you in an inſtant.

[*Pulls off his great Coat, and appears the Cook.*

Now, Sir, I am ready for your commands.

LOVE. I am engaged this evening to give a ſupper.

JAMES. A ſupper, Sir! I have not heard the word this half year—a dinner, indeed, now and then—but for a ſupper, I'm almoſt afraid, for want of practice, my hand is out.

LOVE. Leave off your jeſting, and ſee that you provide me a good ſupper.

JAMES. That may be done with a good deal of money, Sir.

LOVE. Is the devil in you—always money! Can you ſay nothing elſe but money? My children, my ſervants, my relations, can pronounce nothing but money!

JAMES. Well, Sir, but how many will there be at table?

LOVE. About eight or ten—but I'll have ſupper dreſt

but

but for eight—for if there be enough for eight, there is enough for ten.

JAMES. Suppoſe, Sir, at one end a handſome ſoup, at the other a fine Weſtphalia ham and chickens; on one ſide a fillet of veal, on the other a turkey, or rather a buſtard, which may be had for about a guinea.

LOVE. Zounds! the fellow is providing an entertainment for my Lord Mayor and the court of Aldermen.

JAMES. Then a ragout—

LOVE. I'll have no ragous—Would you burſt the good people, you dog?

JAMES. Then, pray, Sir—ſay what you will have.

LOVE. Why, ſee and provide ſomething to cloy their ſtomachs—let there be two good diſhes of ſoup-maigre—a large ſuet pudding—ſome dainty fat pork pye—(very fat) a fine, ſmall, lean, breaſt of mutton, and a large diſh with two artichokes. There—that's plenty, and variety—

JAMES. O dear!—

LOVE. Plenty and variety.

JAMES. But, Sir, you muſt have ſome poultry.

LOVE. No, I'll have none.

JAMES. Indeed, Sir, you ſhou'd.

LOVE. Well, then—kill the old hen, for ſhe is done laying.

JAMES. Lord, Sir, how the folks will talk of it--indeed people ſay enough of you already.

LOVE. Eh! why what do the people ſay, pray?

JAMES. Ah, Sir, If I could be aſſured you would not be angry.

LOVE. Not at all; for I am always glad to hear what the world ſays of me.

JAMES. Why, Sir, ſince you will have it then, they make

make a jeſt of you every where—nay of your ſervants on your account.—One ſays, you pick a quarrel with them quarterly, or when they leave you, in order to find an excuſe to pay them no wages.

LOVE. Pah! Pah!

JAMES. Another ſays, that you were taken one night ſtealing your own oats from your own horſes—

LOVE. That muſt be a lie—for I never allow them any.

JAMES. In a word, you are the bye-word everywhere—and you are never mentioned, but by the names of Covetous—Stingy—Scraping old——

LOVE. Get along, you impudent villain!

JAMES. Nay, Sir—you ſaid you would not be angry—

LOVE. Get out. [*Exit James.*

Enter LAPPET.

LOVE. Who's there—Ah, is that you, Lappet!

LAP. I ſhould rather aſk if it be you, Sir? Why, you look ſo young and vigorous——

LOVE. Do I, do I?

LAP. Why, you grow younger and younger every day, Sir; you never look'd half ſo young in your life, Sir, as you do now. Why, Sir, I know fifty young fellows, of five and twenty that are older than you are.

LOVE. That may be, that may be, Lappet, conſidering the lives they lead; and yet I am a good ten years above fifty.

LAP. Well! and what's ten years above fifty? 'tis the very flower of a man's age. Why, Sir, you are now in the very prime of your life.

LOVE. Very true, that's very true, as to underſtanding; but I am afraid, could I take off twenty years 'twould do me no harm with the ladies, Lappet. How goes on our affair with Mariana? have you mentioned any thing about what her mother can give her? for, now-a-days, nobody marries a woman, unleſs ſhe brings ſomething with her beſides her petticoat.

LAP. Sir! why, Sir, this young lady will be worth to you as good a thouſand pounds a-year as ever was told.

LOVE. How! a thouſand pounds a-year?

LAP. Sir, ſhe'll bring you in marriage a vaſt ſtore of ſobriety, the inheritance of a great love for ſimplicity of dreſs, and a vaſt acquired fund of hatred for play; there's your thouſand a year!

LOVE. In ſhort, Lappet, I muſt touch, touch, touch, ſomething real.

LAP. Never fear, you ſhall touch ſomething real. I have heard them talk of a certain country where ſhe has a very pretty freehold, which ſhall be put into your hands.

LOVE. Nay, if it were a copyhold I ſhould be glad to touch it: but there is another thing that diſturbs me. You know this girl is young, and young people generally love one another's company: it would ill agree with a perſon of my temper to keep an aſſembly for all the young rakes, and flaunting girls in town.

LAP. Ah, Sir, how little do you know of her! this is another peculiarity that I had to tell you of: ſhe has a moſt terrible averſion for all young people, and loves none but perſons of your years. I would adviſe you, above all things, to take care not to appear too young; ſhe inſiſts on ſixty at leaſt: ſhe ſays fifty years is not able to content her.

LOVE. This humour is a little ſtrange, methinks. To ſay

ſay the truth, had I been a woman I ſhould never have loved young fellows.

LAP. I believe you. Pretty ſort of ſtuff indeed to be in love with young fellows! pretty maſters indeed, with their fine complexions ~~and their fine feathers~~! Now, I ſhould be glad to taſte the ſavour that is in any of them.

LOVE. And do you really think me pretty tolerable?

LAP. Tolerable! you are raviſhing! if your picture was drawn by a good hand, Sir, it would be invaluable! Turn about a little, if you pleaſe: there, what can be more charming! Let me ſee you walk; there's a perſon for you! tall, ſtraight, free, and degagée! Why, Sir, you have no fault about you.

LOVE. Not many; hem, hem; not many, I thank Heaven; only a few rheumatic pains now and then, and a ſmall catarrh that ſeizes me ſometimes.

LAP. Ah, Sir, that's nothing; your catarrh ſits very well upon you, and you cough with a very good grace.

LOVE. But tell me, what does Mariana ſay of my perſon?

LAP. She has a particular pleaſure in talking of it; and I aſſure you, Sir, I have not been backward on all ſuch occaſions to blazon forth your merit, and to make her ſenſible how advantageous a match you will be to her.

LOVE. You did very well, and I am obliged to you.

LAP. But, Sir, I have a ſmall favour to aſk of you—I have a lawſuit depending, which I am on the very brink of loſing for want of a little money; [*He looks gravely.*] and you could eaſily procure my ſucceſs if you had the leaſt friendſhip for me. You can't imagine, Sir, the pleaſure ſhe takes in talking of you. [*He looks pleaſed.*]—Ah!

Ah! how you will delight her! how your venerable mien will charm her! ſhe will never be able to withſtand you. —But indeed, Sir, this lawſuit will be of a terrible conſequence to me. [*He looks grave again.*] I am ruined if I loſe it, which a very ſmall matter might prevent. Ah, Sir, had you but ſeen the raptures with which ſhe has heard me talk of you! [*He reſumes his gaiety.*] How pleaſure ſparkled in her eyes at the recital of your good qualities! In ſhort, to diſcover a ſecret to you, which I promiſed to conceal, I have worked up her imagination, till ſhe is downright impatient of having the match concluded.

LOVE. Lappet, you have acted a very friendly part; and I own that I have all the obligations in the world to you.

LAP. I beg you would give me this little aſſiſtance, Sir; [*He looks ſerious.*] it will ſet me on my feet, and I ſhall be eternally obliged to you.

LOVE. Farewell; I'll go and finiſh my diſpatches.

LAP. I aſſure you, Sir, you could never aſſiſt me in a greater neceſſity.

LOVE. I muſt go and give ſome orders about a particular affair----

LAP. I would not importune you, Sir, if I was not forced by the laſt extremity.

LOVE. I expect the tailor about turning my coat. Don't you think this coat will look well enough turn'd, with new buttons, for a wedding-ſuit?

LAP. For pity's ſake, Sir, don't refuſe me this ſmall favour: I ſhall be undone, indeed, Sir: if it were but ſo ſmall a matter as ten pounds, Sir.

LOVE. I think I hear the tailor's voice.

LAP. If it were but five pounds, Sir; but three pounds, Sir;

1

Ramilia
Lapponica.

Sir; nay, Sir, a ſingle guinea would be of ſervice for a day or two. [*As he offers to go out on either ſide ſhe intercepts him.*]

LOVE. I muſt go; I can't ſtay. Hark, there, ſomebody calls me. I'm very much oblig'd to you; indeed I am very much oblig'd to you, Ill do for you, Lappet—you ſhall never know what I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

LAP. Go to the gallows, to the devil, like a covetous good-for-nothing villain as you are! Ramilie is in the right.

ACT II.

SCENE *a Chamber.*

Enter RAMILIE, *meeting* LAPPET.

RAMILIE.

WELL, madam, what ſucceſs?

LAP. Never was a perſon of my function ſo uſed—All rhetoric avail'd nothing; while I was talking to him about the lady he ſmil'd and was pleas'd, but the moment I mentioned money to him his countenance chang'd, and he underſtood not one word that I ſaid. But now, Ramilie, what do you think this affair is that I am tranſacting?

RAM. Nay, Mrs. Lappet, now you are putting too ſevere a taſk upon me. How is it poſſible, in the vaſt variety of affairs which you honour with taking into your hands, that I ſhould be able to gueſs which is ſo happy to employ your immediate thoughts?

LAP.

LAP. Let me tell you, then, ſweet Sir! that I am tranſacting an affair between your maſter's miſtreſs and his father.

RAM. What affair, prithee?

LAP. What ſhould it be but the old one, matrimony? In ſhort, your maſter and his father are rivals.

RAM. I am glad on't, and I wiſh the old gentleman ſucceſs with all my heart.

LAP. How! are you your maſter's enemy?

RAM. No, Madam, I am ſo much his friend, that I had rather he ſhould loſe his miſtreſs than his humble ſervant, which muſt be the caſe, for I am determined againſt a married family. I will never be ſervant to any man who is not his own maſter. But is the old gentleman in love?

LAP. Oh, profoundly! delightfully! oh, that you had but ſeen him as I have! with his feet tottering, his eyes watering, his teeth chattering! his old trunk was ſhaken with a fit of love, juſt as if it had been a fit of an ague.

RAM. He will have more cold fits than hot, I believe. Well, if you do ſucceed in your undertaking, you will allow this, I hope, that I firſt put it into your head.

LAP. Yes, it is true you did mention it firſt; but I thought of it firſt, I am ſure; I muſt have thought of it: but I will not loſe a moment's time; for notwithſtanding all I have ſaid, young fellows are devils. Beſides, this has a moſt plauſible tongue, and ſhould he get acceſs to Mariana, may do in a few minutes what I ſhall never be able to undo as long as I live. [*Exit.*

RAM. There goes the glory of all chambermaids, match her who can.

SCENE,

2

Lovegold — Ring - Spectacles
Frederick
Mrs Winly
Mariana

SCENE, LOVEGOLD'S *Houſe.*

Enter LOVEGOLD *and* FREDERICK, *meeting Mrs.* WISELY *and* MARIANA.

MRS. WISE. Mr. Lovegold—my daughter.

LOVE. Pray give me leave, young lady: I have been told you have no great averſion to ſpectacles: it is not that your charms do not ſufficiently ſtrike the naked eye, or that they want addition; but it is with glaſſes we look at the ſtars; and I'll maintain you are a ſtar of beauty, that is, the fineſt, brighteſt, and moſt glorious of all ſtars.

MAR. I ſhall never be able to hold it out, unleſs you keep him at a greater diſtance.

LOVE. [*liſtening*] I ſhall make the fellow keep his diſtance, Madam. Hark'e, you Mr. Spendall, why don't you come and make this lady ſome acknowledgment for the great honour ſhe does your father.

FRED. My father has indeed, Madam, much reaſon to be vain of his choice: you will be doubtleſs a very great honour to our family; notwithſtanding which, I cannot help ſaying, that if it were in my power, I believe I ſhould make no ſcruple of preventing the match.

MAR. I believe it, indeed: were they to aſk the leave of their children, few parents would marry twice.

LOVE. Why, you ill-bred blockhead, is that the compliment you make your mother-in-law?

FRED. Well, Sir, ſince you will have me talk in another ſtyle—Suffer me, Madam, to put myſelf in the place of my father; and believe me, when I ſwear to you, I never ſaw any one half ſo charming; that I can imagine no happineſs equal to that of pleaſing you; that to be called your Huſband,

Huſband, would be to my ears a title more bleſt, more glorious, than that of the greateſt of princes.

LOVE. Hold, hold, Sir! ſoftly, if you pleaſe!

FRED. I am only ſaying a few civil things, Sir, for you to this lady.

LOVE. Your humble ſervant, Sir! I have a tongue to ſay civil things with myſelf: I have no need of ſuch an interpreter as you are, ſweet Sir!

MAR. If your father could not ſpeak better for himſelf than his ſon can for him, I am afraid he would meet with little ſucceſs.

LOVE. I don't aſk you, ladies, to drink any wine before ſupper, leſt it ſhould ſpoil your ſtomachs.

FRED. I have taken the liberty to order ſome ſweetmeats, Sir, and tokay in the next room: I hope the ladies will excuſe what is wanting.

3

MRS. WISE. There was no neceſſity for ſuch a collation.

[FRED. *to* MARIANA.] Did you ever ſee, Madam, ſo fine a brilliant as that on my father's finger.

MAR. It ſeems, indeed, to be a very fine one.

FRED. You cannot judge of it, Madam, unleſs you were to ſee it nearer. If you will give me leave, Sir. [*Takes it off from his father's finger and gives it to Mariana.*] There is no ſeeing a jewel while it is on the finger.

[MRS. WISE. MAR.] It is really a prodigious fine one.

LOVE. 'Tis none of mine, 'tis only a pawn.

FRED. [*preventing* MARIANA, *who is going to return it.*] No, Madam, it is already in the beſt hands. My father, Madam, intends it as a preſent to you, therefore I hope you will accept it.

LOVE.

3

Servant
Frederick – Parve
Ramilie

LOVE. Preſent! I!

FRED. Is it not, Sir, your requeſt to this lady, that ſhe would wear this bauble for your ſake?

LOVE. [*to his ſon.*] Is the devil in you?

FRED. He makes ſigns to me that I would entreat you to accept it.

MAR. I ſhall not, upon my word.

FRED. He will not receive it again.

LOVE. I ſhall run ſtark ſtaring mad!

MAR. I muſt inſiſt on returning it.

FRED. It would be cruel in you to refuſe him; let me entreat you, Madam, not to ſhock my poor father to ſuch a degree.

Mrs. WISE. It is ill-breeding, child, to refuſe ſo often.

LOVE. Oh, that the devil would but fly away with this fellow!

FRED. See, Madam, what agonies he is in, leſt you ſhould return it——It is not my fault, dear Sir! I do all I can to prevail with her—but ſhe is obſtinate——For pity's ſake, Madam, keep it

LOVE. [*to his ſon.*] Infernal villain!

FRED. My father will never forgive me, Madam, unleſs I ſucceed: on my knees I entreat you.

LOVE. The cut-throat!

Mrs. WISE. Daughter, I proteſt you make me aſhamed of you. Come, come, put up the ring, ſince Mr. Lovegold is ſo uneaſy about it.

MAR. Your commands, Madam, always determine me, and I ſhall refuſe no longer.

LOVE. I ſhall be undone! I wiſh I was buried while I have one farthing left.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Sir, there is a man at the door who desires to speak with you.

LOVE. Tell him I am busy—bid him come another time—bid him leave his business with you—

SERV. Must he leave the money he has brought with me, Sir? [*Exit Servant.*

LOVE. No, no, stay—tell him I come this instant. I ask pardon ladies, I'll wait on you again, immediately. [*Exit.*

FRED. Will you please, ladies, to walk into the next room, and taste the collation I was mentioning?

Mrs. WISE. Really, Sir, this is an unnecessary trouble; but since the tokay is provided I will taste one glass.

MAR. I'll wait on you, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a hall in Lovegold's house.*

Enter FREDERICK *and* RAMILIE.

FRED. How! Lappet my enemy! and can she attempt to forward Mariana's marriage with my father?

RAM. Sir, upon my honour it is true.

FRED. Go, and fetch Lappet hither; I'll try if I can't bring her over.

RAM. Bring her over! a fig for her, Sir! I have a plot worth fifty of your's. I'll blow her up with your father: I'll make him believe just the contrary of every word she has told him.

FRED. Can you do that?

RAM. Never fear it, Sir; I warrant my lies keep even pace with her's. But, Sir, I have another plot; I don't question but before you sleep I shall put you in possession of some thousands of your father's money.

FRED.

4
Lappet.

5
Lovegold.

FRED. But I am afraid that will be carrying the jeſt too far.

RAM. Sir, I will undertake to make it out, that robbing him is a downright meritorious act. Beſides, Sir, if you have any qualms of conſcience you may return it him again: your having poſſeſſion of it will bring him to any terms.

FRED. Well, well, I believe there is little danger of thy ſtealing any thing from him; ſo about the firſt affair; it is that only which cauſes my preſent pain.

RAM. Fear nothing, Sir, whilſt Ramilie is your friend. [*Exit.*

FRED. If impudence can give a title to ſucceſs, I am ſure thou haſt a good one.

FRED. Ha! Lappet.

Enter LAPPET.

LAP. Heyday! Mr. Frederick, you ſtand with your arms acroſs, and look as melancholy as if there was a funeral going on in the houſe inſtead of a wedding.

FRED. Miſtreſs, undo immediately what you have done, prevent this match which you have forwarded, or, by all the devils which inhabit that heart of yours——

LAP. For Heaven's ſake, Sir! you do not intend to kill me?

FRED. What could drive your villany to attempt to rob me of the woman I dote on more than life? what could urge thee, when I truſted thee with my paſſion, when I have paid the moſt extravagant uſury for money to bribe thee to be my friend, what could ſway thee to betray me?

LAP. As I hope to be ſav'd, Sir, whatever I have done was intended for your ſervice.

FRED.

FRED. It is in vain to deny it; I know thou haſt uſed thy utmoſt art to perſuade my father into this match.

LAP. Be but appeas'd, Sir, and let me recover out of this terrible fright you have put me into, and I will engage to make you eaſy yet. Sir! I never did any thing yet ſo effectually, but that I have been capable of undoing it; nor have I ever ſaid any thing ſo poſitively but that I have been able as poſitively to unſay it again. As for truth, I have neglected it ſo long, that I often forget which ſide of the queſtion it is of: beſides, I look on it to be ſo very inſignificant towards ſucceſs, that I am very indifferent whether it is for me or againſt me.

FRED. Let me entreat you, dear Madam, to conſider how very precious our time is, ſince the marriage is intended this very evening.

LAP. That cannot be, nor it ſhall not be.

FRED. How! how will you prevent it?

LAP. By an infallible rule I have. But, Sir, you was mentioning a certain little word called *Money*, juſt now. I ſhould not repeat it to you, Sir, but that really one goes about a thing with ſo much better a will, and one has ſo much better luck in it too, when one has got ſome little matter by it.

FRED. Here take all the money I have in my pocket, and on my marriage with Mariana thou ſhalt have fifty more.

LAP. That is enough, Sir; if they were half-married already I would unmarry them again. I am impatient till I am about it. [*Exit* FRED.] Oh, there is nothing like gold to quicken a woman's capacity! Ha! here he is!

Enter LOVEGOLD.

LAP. Oh, unhappy miſerable creature that I am! what ſhall I do! whither ſhall I go!

LOVE.

LOVE. What's the matter, Lappet?

LAP. To have been innocently aſſiſting in betraying ſo good a man! ſo good a maſter! ſo good a friend!

LOVE. Lappet, I ſay.

LAP. I ſhall never forgive myſelf; I ſhall never outlive it; I ſhall never eat, drink, ſleep—[*Runs againſt him.*

LOVE. One would think you were walking in your ſleep now. What can be the meaning of this?

LAP. Oh, Sir!—you are undone, Sir! and I am undone!

LOVE. How! what! has any one robb'd me? Have I loſt any thing?

LAP. No, Sir; but you have got ſomething.

LOVE. What! what!

LAP. A wife, Sir!

LOVE. No, I have not yet———

LAP. How, Sir! are you not married?

LOVE. No.

LAP. That is the happieſt word I ever heard come out of your mouth.

LOVE. I have, for ſome particular reaſons, put off the match for a few days.

LAP. Yes, Sir; and for ſome particular reaſons you ſhall put off the match for a few years.

LOVE. What do you ſay?

LAP. Oh, Sir! this affair has almoſt determined me never to engage in matrimonial matters again. I have been finely deceived in this lady! I told you, Sir, ſhe had an eſtate in a certain country; but I find it is all a cheat, Sir; the devil of any eſtate has ſhe.

LOVE. How! not any eſtate at all! how can ſhe live then?

LAP. Nay, Sir, heaven knows how half the people in this town live.

LOVE.

LOVE. However, it is an excellent good quality in a woman to be able to live without an eſtate. She that can make ſomething out of nothing will make a little go a great way. I am ſorry ſhe has no fortune; but conſidering all her ſaving qualities, Lappet———

LAP. All an impoſition, Sir; ſhe is the moſt extravagant wretch upon earth.

LOVE. How! how! extravagant?

LAP. I tell you, Sir, ſhe is down-right extravagance itſelf.

LOVE. How was it poſſible for you to be deceived in her?

LAP. Alas, Sir! ſhe would have deceived the devil—ſhe would have deceived even you: for, Sir, during a whole fortnight, ſince you have been in love with her, ſhe has made it her whole buſineſs to conceal her extravagance, and appear thrifty.

LOVE. That is a good ſign though, Lappet, let me tell you, that it is a good ſign; right habits, as well as wrong, are got by affecting them: and ſhe who could be thrifty a whole fortnight, gives lively hopes that ſhe may be brought to be ſo as long as ſhe lives.

LAP. She loves play to diſtraction; it is the only viſible way in the world ſhe has of a living.

LOVE. She muſt win then, Lappet; and play, when people play the beſt of the game, is no ſuch very bad thing, I'd play myſelf if I was ſure of winning. Beſides, as ſhe plays only to ſupport herſelf; when ſhe can be ſupported without it, ſhe may leave it off.

LAP. To ſupport her extravagance, in dreſs particularly; why, don't you ſee, Sir, ſhe is dreſs'd out to-day like a princeſs?

LOVE. It may be an effect of prudence in a young woman

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Lawyer
Hamilton } again

man to dreſs in order to get a huſband; and as that is apparently her motive, when ſhe is married that motive ceaſes: and, to ſay the truth, ſhe is in diſcourſe a very prudent young woman.

LAP. Think of her extravagance.

LOVE. A woman of the greateſt modeſty.

LAP. And extravagance.

LOVE. She has really a very fine ſet of teeth.

LAP. She will have all the teeth out of your head.

LOVE. I never ſaw finer eyes.

LAP. She will eat you out of houſe and home.

LOVE. Charming hair.

LAP. She will ruin you.

LOVE. Sweet kiſſing lips, ſwelling breaſts, and the fineſt ſhape that ever was embraced.

[*Catching Lap. in his arms.*

LAP. Oh, Sir! I am not the lady.—Was ever ſuch an old goat!——Well, Sir, I ſee you are determin'd on the match, and ſo I deſire you will pay me my wages. I cannot bear to ſee the ruin of a family in which I have lived ſo long, that I have contracted as great a friendſhip for it as if it was my own: I can't bear to ſee waſte, riot, and extravagance; to ſee all the wealth a poor, honeſt, induſtrious, gentleman has been raiſing all his life-time, ſquandered away in a year or two in feaſts, balls, muſic, cards, clothes, jewels—It would break my heart to ſee my poor old maſter eat out by a ſet of fingers, fiddlers, milliners, mantua-makers, mercers, toymen, jewellers, fops, cheats, rakes—to ſee his guineas fly about like duſt, all his ready money paid in one morning to one tradeſman, his whole ſtock in the funds ſpent in one half year, all his land ſwallowed down in another, all his old gold, nay, the very plate which he has had in his family time

out

out of mind, which has descended from father to son ever since the flood! to see even that disposed of! What will they have next, I wonder, when they have had all that he is worth in the world, and left the poor old man without any thing to furnish his old age with the necessaries of life?—Will they be contented then? or will they tear out his bowels, and eat them too! [*Both burst into tears.*] The laws are cruel to put it in the power of a wife to ruin her husband in this manner—And will any one tell me that such a woman as this is handsome?—What are a pair of shining eyes, when they must be bought with the loss of all one's shining old gold?

LOVE. Oh, my poor old gold!

LAP. Perhaps she has a fine set of teeth.

LOVE. My poor plate, that I have hoarded with so much care!

LAP. Or I'll grant she may have a most beautiful shape.

LOVE. My dear lands and tenements!

LAP. What are the roses on her cheeks, or lilies in her neck?

LOVE. My poor India bonds, bearing at least three and a half *per Cent!*

LAP. A fine excuse, indeed, when a man is ruined by his wife, to tell us he married a beauty!

Enter LAWYER.

LAW. Sir, the contract is ready; my client has sent for the counsel on the other side, and he is now below examining it.

LOVE. Get you out of my doors, you villain! you and your client too; I'll contract you, with a plague.

[*Beats Lawyer off.*

I am

I am very much obliged to you, Lappet; indeed I am very much obliged to you.

LAP. I am ſure, Sir, I have a very great ſatisfaction in ſerving you, and I hope you will conſider of that little affair that I mentioned to you to-day about my lawſuit.

LOVE. I am very much obliged to you.

LAP. I hope, Sir, you won't ſuffer me to be ruined, when I have preſerved you from it.

LOVE. Hey! [*Appearing deaf.*

LAP. You know, Sir, that in Weſtminſter-hall money and right are always on the ſame ſide.

LOVE. Ay, ſo they are; very true, ſo they are; and therefore no one can take too much care of his money.

LAP. The ſmalleſt matter of money, Sir, would do me an infinite ſervice.

LOVE. Hey! what?

LAP. A ſmall matter of money, Sir, would do me a great kindneſs.

LOVE. Oho! I have a very great kindneſs for you; indeed I have a very great kindneſs for you.

LAP. Deuce take your kindneſs!—I'm only loſing time; there's nothing to be got out of him; ſo I'll even to Frederick, and ſee what the report of my ſucceſs will do there. Ah, would I were married to thee myſelf! [*Exit.*

LOVE. What a prodigious eſcape have I had! I cannot look at the precipice without being giddy.

Enter RAMILIE.

LOVE. Who is that? Oh! is it you, ſirrah? how dare you enter within theſe walls?

RAM. Truly, Sir, I can ſcarcely reconcile it to myſelf:

I think, after what has happened, you have no great title to my friendſhip; but I don't know how it is, Sir, there is ſomething or other about you which ſtrangely engages my affections, and which, together with the friendſhip I have for your ſon, won't let me ſuffer you to be impoſed upon; and to prevent that, Sir, is the whole and ſole occaſion of my coming within your doors. Did not a certain lady, Sir, called Mrs. Lappet, depart from you juſt now?

LOVE. What if ſhe did, ſirrah?

RAM. Has ſhe not, Sir, been talking to you about a young lady whoſe name is Mariana?

LOVE. Well, and what then?

RAM. Why, then, Sir, every ſingle ſyllable ſhe has told you has been neither more nor leſs than a moſt confounded lie, as is, indeed, every word ſhe ſays; for I don't believe, upon a modeſt calculation, ſhe has told ſix truths ſince ſhe has been in the houſe. She is made up of lies; her father was an attorney, and her mother was chamber-maid to a maid of honour.

LOVE. She comes of a damn'd lying family.

RAM. The firſt word ſhe ſpoke was a lie, and ſo will be the laſt. I know ſhe has pretended a great affection for you, that's one lie; and every thing ſhe has ſaid of Mariana is another.

LOVE. How! how! are you ſure of this?

RAM. Why, Sir, ſhe and I laid the plot together; that one time indeed I myſelf was forced to deviate a little from the truth, but it was with a good deſign; the jade pretended to me that it was out of friendſhip to my maſter; that it was, becauſe ſhe thought ſuch a match would not be at all to his intereſt; but, alas! Sir, I know her

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Frederick
Lappett.

her friendſhip begins and ends at home, and that ſhe has friendſhip for no perſon living but herſelf. Why, Sir, do but look at Mariana, Sir, and ſee whether you can think her ſuch a ſort of woman as ſhe has deſcribed her to you.

LOVE. Indeed ſhe has appeared to me always in a different light. I do believe what you ſay. I will go and deny all that I ſaid to the lawyer, and put an end to every thing this moment.—I knew it was impoſſible ſhe could be ſuch a ſort of a woman; and for this piece of intelligence I'll give you—I'll give you—No—I'll forgive you all your faults. [*Exit Lovegold.*

RAM. And I will go find out my maſter, make him the happieſt of mankind, ſqueeze his purſe, and then get drunk for the honour of all party-coloured politicians. [*Exit*

SCENE, *the Hall.*

Enter FREDERICK *and* LAPPET.

FRED. Excellent Lappet! I ſhall never think I have ſufficiently rewarded you for what you have done.

LAP. I have only done half the buſineſs yet: I have, I believe, effectually broke off the match with your father. Now, Sir, I ſhall make up the matter between you and her.

FRED. Do but that, dear girl! and I'll coin myſelf into guineas

Enter RAMILIE.

RAM. Oh, madam, I little expected to have found you and my maſter together after what has happened; I did not think you had had the aſſurance ———.

FRED.

FRED. Peace, Ramilie! all is well, and Lappet is the beſt friend I have in the world.

RAM. Yes, Sir, all is well, indeed; no thanks to her; happy is the maſter that has a good ſervant; a good ſervant is certainly the greateſt treaſure in this world; I have done your buſineſs for you, Sir; I have fruſtrated all ſhe has been doing, deny'd all ſhe has been telling him: in ſhort, Sir, I obſerved her ladyſhip in a long conference with the old gentleman, mightily to your intereſt, as you may imagine; no ſooner was ſhe gone than I ſteps in, and made the old gentleman believe every ſingle ſyllable ſhe had told him to be a moſt confounded lie, and away he is gone, fully determined to put an end to the affair.

LAP. And ſign the contract! ſo now, Sir, you are ruined without reprieve.

FRED. Death and damnation! fool! villain!

RAM. Hey-day! what is the meaning of this? have I done any more than you commanded me?

FRED. Nothing but my curſed ſtars could have contrived ſo damned an accident.

RAM. You cannot blame me, Sir, whatever has happened.

FRED. I don't blame you, Sir, nor myſelf, nor any one. Fortune has marked me out for miſery; but I will be no longer idle: ſince I am to be ruined I'll meet my deſtruction. [*Exit.*

[*They ſtand ſome time in ſilence, looking at each other.*

LAP. I give you joy, Sir, of the ſucceſs of your negociation: you have approved yourſelf a moſt able perſon truly; and I dare ſwear, when your ſkill is once known, you will not want employment: but, ſirrah! how durſt you

1

Ramilie - Strongbox
Faederick
Lovegold
Mr Wisely
Mariana
Sattin — Silks
Spankle — Jewels
Furnish - Rule

you go and betray me to your master, for he has told me all? Never see my face again. [*Exit.*

RAM. Now I'll to my lurking-place. I'm sure this old rogue has money hid in the garden; if I can but discover it, I shall handsomely quit all scores with the old gentleman, and make my master a sufficient return for the loss of his mistress. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, LOVEGOLD'S *Garden.*

Enter RAMILIE, *with a strong Box, meeting* FREDERICK.

RAMILIE.

FOLLOW me, Sir, follow me this instant.

FRED. What's the matter?

RAM. Follow me, Sir; we are in the right box; the business is done.

FRED. What's done?

RAM. I have it under my arm, Sir—here it is!

FRED. What! what!

RAM. Your father's soul, Sir—his money—Follow me, Sir, this moment. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LOVEGOLD, *in the utmost Distraction.*

LOVE. Thieves! thieves! assassination! murder! I am undone! all my money is gone! who is the thief? where is

is the villain? where ſhall I find him? Give me my money again, villain! [*Catching himſelf by the arm.*] I am diſtracted! I know not where I am, nor what I am, nor what I do! Oh, my money, my money! Ha! what ſay you? Alack-a-day! here is no one. The villain muſt have watched his time carefully; he muſt have done it while I was ſigning that damn'd contract. I will go to a juſtice, and have all my houſe put to their oaths, my ſervants, my children, my miſtreſs, and myſelf too; all the people in the houſe, and in the ſtreet, and in the town, I will have them all executed; I will hang all the world, and if I don't find my money, I'll hang myſelf afterwards. [*Exit.*

Table & Chairs

2

SCENE, *a Chamber.*

MARIANA, Mrs. WISELY, FURNISH, SATTIN, *and* SPARKLE *diſcovered.*

MAR. You will take care, Mr. Furniſh, and let me have thoſe two beds with the utmoſt expedition.

FURNISH. I ſhall take particular care, madam; I ſhall put them both in hand to-morrow morning; I ſhall put off ſome work, Madam, on that account.

MAR. Oh, Mr. Sattin! have you brought thoſe gold ſtuffs I ordered you?

SAT. Yes, Madam, I have brought your ladyſhip ſome of the fineſt patterns that were ever made.

MAR. Well, Mr. Sparkle, have you the necklace and ear-rings with you?

SPARKLE. Yes, madam, and I defy any jeweller in town to ſhew you their equals; they are, I think, the fineſt water I ever ſaw; they are finer than the Ducheſs of

L
Lovejoy

of Glitter's, which have been ſo much admired: I have brought you a ſolitaire, too, Madam—my Lady Raffle bought the fellow of it yeſterday.

MAR. Sure it has a flaw in it, Sir.

SPARKLE. Has it, Madam? then there never was a brilliant without one: I am ſure, Madam, I bought it for a good ſtone; and, if it be not a good ſtone, you ſhall have it for nothing.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

LOVE, It's loſt, it's gone, it's irrecoverable! I ſhall never ſee it more!

MAR. And what will be the loweſt price of the necklace and ear-rings.

SPARKLE. If you were my ſiſter, Madam, I could not bate you one farthing of three thouſand guineas?

LOVE. What do you ſay of three thouſand guineas, villain! have you my three thouſand guineas.

Mrs. WISE. Bleſs me, Mr. Lovegold! what's the matter?

LOVE. I am undone! I am ruined! my money is ſtolen! my dear three thouſand guineas that I received but yeſterday, are taken away from the place I had put them in, and I ſhall never ſee them again!

MAR. Don't let them make you uneaſy, you may poſſibly recover them, or if you ſhould not, the loſs is but a trifle.

LOVE. How! a trifle! do you call three thouſand guineas a trifle?

Mrs. WISE. She ſees you ſo diſturbed, that ſhe is willing to make as light of your loſs as poſſible, in order to comfort you.

LOVE.

LOVE. To comfort me! can ſhe comfort me by calling three thouſand guineas a trifle? But tell me, what were you ſaying of them? have you ſeen them?

SPARKLE. Really Sir, I do not underſtand you; I was telling the lady the price of a necklace and a pair of ear-rings, which are cheap at three thouſand guineas.

LOVE. How! what? what?

MAR. I can't think them very cheap; however, I am reſolved to have them; ſo let him have the money, Sir, if you pleaſe.

LOVE. I am in a dream!

MAR. You will be paid immediately, Sir. Well, Mr. Sattin, and pray what is the higheſt priced gold-ſtuff you have brought?

SAT. Madam, I have one of twelve pounds a yard.

MAR. It muſt be pretty at that price? let me have a ~~gown and petticoat~~ dreſs cut off.

LOVE. You ſhall cut off my head firſt! What are you doing? are you mad?

MAR. I am only preparing a proper dreſs to appear in as your wife.

LOVE. Sirrah, offer to open any of your pickpocket trinkets here, and I'll make an example of you.

MAR. Mr. Lovegold, give me leave to tell you this is a behaviour I don't underſtand you give me a fine pattern before marriage of the uſage I am to expect after it.

LOVE. Here are fine patterns of what I am to expect after it?

MAR. I aſſure you, Sir, I ſhall inſiſt on all the privileges of an Engliſh wife? I ſhall not be taught to dreſs by

3

Servant
Sist. — Measure & Shears.
Lapsit

by my husband; I am myself the best judge of what you can afford; and if I do stretch your purse a little it is for your honour, Sir; the world will know it is your wife that makes such a figure.

LOVE. Can you bear to hear this, Madam?

MRS. WISE. I should not countenance my daughter in any extravagance, Sir;—She will never run you into unnecessary expenses; so far from it, that if you will but generously make her a present of five thousand pounds to fit herself out at first in clothes and jewels, I dare swear you will not have any other demand on those accounts—I don't know when.

MAR. No, unless a birth-night suit or two, I shall scarce want any thing more this twelvemonth.

LOVE. I am undone, plundered, murdered! however, there is one comfort, I am not married yet.

MAR. And free to chuse whether you will marry at all or no.

MRS. WISE. The consequence, you know, will be no more than poor ten thousand pounds, which is all the forfeiture of the breach of contract.

LOVE. But, Madam, I have one way yet: I have not bound my heirs and executors, and so if I hang myself, I am off the bargain—in the meanwhile I'll try if I cannot rid my house of this nest of thieves—Get out of my doors you cutpurses.

SPARKLE. Pay me for my jewels, Sir, or return 'em me.

LOVE. Give him his baubles, give them him.

MAR. I shall not, I assure you. You need be under no apprehension, Sir; you see Mr. Lovegold is a little

disordered at present, but if you will come to morrow, you shall have your money.

SPARKLE. I'll depend on your Ladyship, Madam. Exit.

LOVE. Who the devil are you? what have you to do here?

FURNISH. I am an upholsterer, Sir, and I am come to new furnish your house.

LOVE. Out of my doors this instant, or I will dis-furnish your head for you; I'll beat out your brains.

Mrs. WISE. Sure, Sir, you are mad.

LOVE. I was when I signed the contract. Oh, that I had never learnt to write my name!

MAR. I suppose, Sir, you expect to be finely spoken of abroad for this! you will get an excellent character in the world by this behaviour.

Mrs. WISE. Is this your gratitude to a woman who has refused so much better offers on your account?

LOVE. Oh, would she had taken them! Give me up my contract, and I will gladly resign all right and title whatsoever.

Mrs. WISE. It is too late now; the gentlemen have had their answers; a good offer refused once, is not to be had again.

Enter Servant.

SERV. Madam, the tailor, whom your Ladyship sent for, is come.

MAR. Bid him come in. This is an instance of the regard I have for you. I have sent for one of the best tailors in town to make you a new suit of clothes, that you may appear like a gentleman? for as it is for your honour that I should be well dressed, so it is for mine that you should.

followed by Sattin L. H

Ex. Exit Fenwick L. H

Ex. Exit Servant

ſhould. Come, Madam, we will go in and give farther orders concerning the entertainment.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Wiſely and Mariana.* R.

L. *Enter* LIST.

LOVE. Oh, Lappet, Lappet! the time thou haſt propheſied of, is come to paſs!

LIST. I am your honour's moſt humble ſervant. My name is Liſt: I preſume I am the perſon you ſent for—The Laceman will be here immediately. Will your honour be pleaſed to be taken meaſure of firſt, or look over the patterns? if you pleaſe we will take meaſure firſt. I do not know, Sir, who was ſo kind as to recommend me to you but I believe I ſhall give you entire ſatisfaction. I may defy any tailor in England to underſtand the faſhion better than myſelf; the thing is impoſſible, Sir. I always viſit France, twice a-year; and, though I ſay it, that ſhould not ſay it——Stand upright, if you pleaſe, Sir——

LOVE. I'll take meaſure of your back, ſirrah——I'll teach ſuch pickpockets as you are to come here——Out of my doors, you villain.

LIST. Hey-day Sir! did you ſend for me for this, Sir?—I ſhall bring you in a bill without any clothes.

[*Exit.* L.

R— *Enter* LAPPET.

LAP. Where is my poor maſter? Oh, Sir, I cannot expreſs the affliction I am in to ſee you devoured in this manner! How could you, Sir, when I told you what a woman ſhe was, how could you undo yourſelf with your eyes open?

LOVE.

LOVE. Poor Lappet! had I taken your advice I had been happy.

LAP. And I too, Sir; for a-lack-a day! I am as miſerable as you are; I feel every thing for you, Sir; indeed I ſhall break my heart upon your account.

LOVE. I ſhall be much obliged to you if you do, Lappet.

LAP. How could a man of your ſenſe, Sir, marry in ſo precipitate a manner?

LOVE. I am not married! I am not married!

LAP. Not married!

LOVE. No, no, no!

LAP. All's ſafe yet. No man is quite undone till he is married.

LOVE. I am, I am undone, Oh Lappet! I cannot tell it thee. I have given her a bond, a bond, a bond! of ten thouſand pounds to marry her!

LAP. You ſhall forfeit it.

LOVE. Forfeit what? my life, and ſoul, and blood, and heart!

LAP. You ſhall forfeit it———

LOVE. I'll be buried alive ſooner—No, I am determined I'll marry her firſt, and hang myſelf after to ſave my money.

LAP. I ſee, Sir, you are undone; and if you ſhou'd hang yourſelf, I could not blame you.—[*knocking without.*

LOVE. Dear Lappet, ſee what it is—I ſhall be undone in an hour.— [*Exit* LAPPET.

LOVE. Oh! Oh! Why did not I die a year ago? What a deal of money I ſhou'd have ſav'd, had I died a year ago!

Enter

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Mariana - Conbret

Re-Enter LAPPET.

LAP. Oh, Sir! I am ſcarce able to tell you. It is ſpread about the Town that you are married, and your wife's creditors are coming in whole flocks. There is one ſingle debt for five thouſand pounds, which an attorney is without to demand.

LOVE. Oh! oh! oh! let them cut my throat.

LAP. Think what an eſcape you have had! think if you had married her———

LOVE. I am as bad as married to her.

LAP. It is impoſſible, Sir; nothing can be ſo bad: what, you are to pay her ten thouſand pounds—Well—and ten thouſand pounds are a ſum; they are a ſum, I own it—they are a ſum! but what is ſuch a ſum compared with ſuch a wife? if you marry her, in one week you will be in a priſon, Sir—

LOVE. If I am I can keep my money; they can't take that from me.

LAP. Suppoſe, Sir, it were poſſible, (not that I believe it is) but ſuppoſe it were poſſible to make her abate a little; ſuppoſe one could bring her to eight thouſand——

LOVE. Eight thouſand devils take her———

LAP. But, dear Sir! conſider, nay, conſider immediately, for every minute you loſe you loſe a ſum—Be reſolute, Sir; conſider every guinea you give ſaves you a ſcore.

LOVE. Well, if ſhe will conſent to, to, to, eight hundred—But try, do try, if you can make her 'bate any thing of that—if you can—you ſhall have a twentieth part of what ſhe 'bates for yourſelf.

LAP.

LAP. Why, Sir, if I could get you off at eight thouſand you ought to leap out of your ſkin for joy,

LOVE. I wiſh I was out of my ſkin. [*Knocking without.*

LAP. So, ſo, more duns, I ſuppoſe—Go but into the kitchen, Sir, or the hall, and it will have a better effect on you than all I can ſay.

LOVE. What ſhall I do! Part with eight thouſand pounds! I ſhall run diſtracted either way! [*Exit.*

LAP. Ah! would we could once prove you ſo, you old covetous good-for-nothing.

Re-Enter MARIANA.

MAR. Well, what ſucceſs?

LAP. It is impoſſible to tell; he is juſt gone into the kitchen, where, if he is not frightened into our deſign, I ſhall begin to deſpair. They ſay fear will make a coward brave, but nothing can make him generous; the very fear of loſing all he is worth, will ſcarce bring him to part with a penny.

MAR. And have you acquainted neither Frederick nor Harriet with my intentions?

LAP. No, I aſſure you. Ah, Madam, had I not been able to have kept a ſecret, I had never brought about thoſe affairs that I have: ~~were I not ſecret, Lud have mercy upon many a virtuous woman's reputation in this Town!~~

Re-Enter LOVEGOLD.

LOVE. I am undone! I am undone! I am eat up! I am devoured! I have an army of cooks in my houſe.

LAP. Dear Madam, conſider—I know eight thouſand pounds

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Frederick

pounds are a trifle; I know they are thing; my master can very well afford them; they will make no hole in his purse; and, if you should stand out you will get more.

LOVE. [*putting his hand before Lappet's mouth.*] You lie, you lie, you lie, you lie, you lie, she never could get more—never should get more; it is more than I am worth; it is an immense sum! and I will be starved, drowned, shot, hanged, burnt, before I part with a penny of it!

LAP. For Heaven's sake, Sir, you will ruin all——— Madam, let me beg you, entreat you, to 'bate these two thousand pounds. Suppose a lawsuit should be the consequence, I know my master would be cast; I know it would cost him an immense sum of money, and that he would pay the charges of both in the end; but you might be kept out of it a long time. Eight thousand pounds now are better than ten five years hence.

MAR. No; the satisfaction of my revenge on a man who basely departs from his word, will make me amends for the delay, and whatsoever I suffer, as long as I know his ruin will be the consequence, I shall be easy.

LOVE. Bloody-minded wretch!

LAP. Why, Sir, since she insists on it what does it signify? You know you are in her power, and it will be only throwing away more money to be compelled to it at last: why, Sir, get rid of her at once; what are two thousand pounds? Why, Sir, the Court of Chancery will eat it up for a breakfast: it has been given for a mistress, and will you not give it to be rid of a wife? Besides, Sir——

[*They whisper.*

LOVE. How? and will you swear a robbery against her? that she robbed me of what I shall give her?

LAP. Depend on it, Sir.

LOVE.

LOVE. I'll break open the bureau, to make it look the more likely.

LAP. Do ſo, Sir; but loſe no time! give it her this moment. Madam, my maſter has conſented, and if you have the contract he is ready to pay the money. [*Aſide.*

MAR. Here is the contract.

LOVE I'll break open the bureau. [*Aſide to Lappet.*

LAP. Do, Sir.

LOVE. But won't that ſpoil the lock?

LAP. Pſhaw, r, never mind the lock.

LOVE. I'll fetch you the Money—'tis all I'm worth in the world. [*Exit. L.*

MAR. Sure he will never be brought to it yet.

LAP. I warrant him: but you are to pay dearer for it yet than you imagine, for I am to ſwear a robbery againſt you. What will you give me, Madam, to buy off my evidence?

MAR. And is it poſſible that the old rogue would conſent to ſuch a villany?

LAP. Ay, Madam; for half that ſum he would hang half the Town. But, truly, I can never be made amends for all the pains I have taken on your account. Were I to receive a ſingle guinea a lie for every one I have told this day, it would make me a pretty tolerable fortune.

Re-Enter LOVEGOLD, *with the Notes.*

LOVE. Here, here they are—all in bank-notes—all the money I am worth in the world—(I have ſent for a conſtable! ſhe muſt not go out of ſight before we have her taken into cuſtody.) [*Aſide to Lappet.*

LAP. You have done very wiſely.

LOVE.

LOVE. [*Counting the Notes as he gives them*] One, two three, four, five, ſix, eight.

MAR. No, Sir, there are only ſeven—

LOVE. [*gives her another*] eight—nine—ten—Give me my contract——

MAR. There, Sir, is your contract. [*Lovegold tears it.*] Now, Sir, I have nothing to do but to make myſelf as eaſy as I can in my loſs.

LOVE. Oh! my money, my money, my money!

Enter FREDERICK.

FRED. If this lady does not make you amends for the loſs of your money, reſign over all pretenſions in her to me, and I will engage to get it reſtored to you.

LOVE. How, ſirrah? are you a confederate? have you helped to rob me?

FRED. Softly, Sir, or you ſhall never ſee your guineas again.

LOVE. I reſign her over to you entirely, and may you both ſtarve together! ſo go fetch my gold——

MAR. You are eaſily prevailed upon, I ſee, to reſign right which you have not. But were I to reſign over myſelf, it would hardly be the man's fortune to ſtarve, whoſe wife brought him ten thouſand pounds.

LOVE. Bear witneſs, ſhe has confeſſed ſhe has the money, and I ſhall prove ſhe ſtole it from me.—Lappet is my evidence; ſhe broke open my bureau with a great kitchen poker.

LAP. I hope I ſhall have all your pardons, and particularly your's, madam, whom I have moſt injured.

LOVE. A fig for her pardon! you are doing a right action,

LAP. Then, if there was any robbery, you muſt have robbed yourſelf. This lady can only be a receiver of ſtolen goods, for I ſaw you give her the money with your own hands.

LOVE. How! I! you! what! what!

LAP. And I muſt own it, with ſhame I muſt own it—that the money you gave her in exchange for the contract I promiſed to ſwear ſhe had ſtolen from you.

LOVE. I am undone, undone, undone!

FRED. No, Sir, your three thouſand guineas are ſafe yet.

LOVE. But my ten thouſand—where are they?

MAR. Where they ought to be, in the hands of one who, I think, deſerves them. [*Gives them to Frederick.*

LOVE. Sirrah! give me my notes, give me my notes!

FRED. You muſt excuſe me, Sir; I can part with nothing I receive from this lady.

LAP. Be pacified, Sir; I think the lady has acted nobly, in giving that back again into your family which ſhe might have carried out of it.

LOVE. My family be hanged! if I am robbed, I don't care who robs me. I would as ſoon hang my ſon as another—and I will hang him if he does not reſtore me all I have loſt; for I would not give half that ſum to ſave the whole world.—I will go and employ all the lawyers in town; for I will have my money again, if law, juſtice, or injuſtice, will get it me. [*Exit.*

FRED. I am reſolved we will get the better of him now; but oh, Mariana! your generoſity is much greater in beſtowing this ſum than my happineſs in receiving it. From what we have ſeen lately, I think riches are rather to be

be feared than wiſhed; at leaſt, I am ſure avarice, which too often attends wealth, is a greater evil than any that is found in poverty. Miſery is generally the end of all vice, but it is the very mark at which avarice ſeems to aim: the Miſer endeavours to be wretched;

He hoards eternal cares within his purſe,
And, what he wiſhes moſt, proves moſt his curſe.

THE END.